

THE BODY OF GENERAL GRANT REMOVED TO

His Sons, Grandsons and the Old Guard of Honor Present While the Transfer Is Made.



Not a Hitch in the Operation of Removal from the First to the Last.

The Excavation in the Sarcophagus Fitted the Coffin to a Nicety, Though Made on a Guess,

temporary tomb was lowered to half-mast. Hundreds of men uncovered their heads as the casket appeared.

The Guard of Honor Stood By.

The guard of honor was drawn up to the west of the vault two by two. Through a wide lane, which the Park policemen easily kept open amid the throng of almost reverent people, the little procession slowly moved. It was headed by Captain Collins and Sergeants Dillon and Ferris, of the Park police, and then President McMillan and Secretary Leary, of the Park Board. Behind them the casket was borne.

Immediately behind the pallbearers walked Colonel Grant and his brother, Ulysses, bareheaded, like all who followed them. Then came Ulysses S. Grant, third, and General Horace Porter, and then the guard of honor and the gentlemen whose affectionate respect for Grant had urged their presence.

The procession passed to the north of the vault, then turned to the south and ascended the granite steps that lead to the broad mound on which the tomb stands. The procession moved along the east side of the tomb for ninety feet, its length. In the shadow of the pyramid dome, solid and enduring as the pyramids themselves; then they turned to the west on the south side of the tomb and slowly walked up the stairway, seventy feet wide, under the portico formed of double lines of columns, to the entrance, whose bronze doors were swung wide open.

On the open circular gallery within the tomb, above which springs the paneled dome, were assembled perhaps a hundred people, of whom many were women. Entering the tomb, the procession moved to the stairway on the north and descended to the crypt where stands the sarcophagus. Its massive lid was raised and hung by ropes and pulleys from a four-legged derrick.

Only One Woman Was There.

General Horatio C. King's daughter was the only woman among those who took their places around the sarcophagus. Through the circular opening in the main floor looked down the solemn faces of those gathered there.

The casket was again placed in the cedar box which awaited it within the sarcophagus. Colonel Grant replaced the wreath of oak leaves turned by his daughter where it had so long lain, and where it will now lay for ages. Past Commander McKelvey again scattered over the coffin ashes and dust, which had been placed there in obedience to the funeral ritual of the Grand Army, and which he collected from atop the casket in the temporary vault. On the steel case in the vault was a silver plate, which bore this simple inscription:

ULYSSES S. GRANT,
Died
July 23, 1885.

This plate was placed on the casket. Then a sheet of lead was unrolled and its edges were soldered to the edges of the lead casing which had been left there for the purpose. The workmen had to hammer these edges together, and as that would have forced upon the feelings of the spectators, all, save those closely concerned, were requested to leave the tomb. When the lead was securely fastened the heavy lid of the sarcophagus was slowly lowered into its place, where it will be cemented.

Thus, with the simplicity that characterized himself, was all that is mortal of this illustrious citizen, laid in the monument that attests his countryman's devotion and desire to duly honor his memory. Ninety thousand people contributed the \$404,000 that built the tomb, and, as is fitting in a republic, this sum of money was contributed by poor and rich in amounts varying from 1 cent to \$5,000.

He Wished to be Buried in New York.

Scarcely a fortnight before his death, when he was suffering intensely, when he could not speak, General Grant painfully wrote to his son Frederic that he wished to be buried in New York, where he had made his home, where he had many friends. He added that he would be buried in no place where his wife could not lie by his side. So there will be in the crypt in Riverside Park another sarcophagus of porphyry, an exact duplicate of that closed yesterday, in which Mrs. Grant's body will repose when the inevitable shall have come to her.

The Grant Monument Association was organized by act of the Legislature on February, 1886, and ex-President Chester A. Arthur was made president of it. Its successive presidents have been Cornelius Vanderbilt, ex-Mayor William R. Grace and General Horace Porter, whose unceasing activity vastly stimulated the flow of subscriptions into the Association's coffers. Ground for the tomb was broken on the anniversary of Grant's birthday, April 27, six years ago. On that same day a year later, the cornerstone of the tomb was laid with elaborate ceremonies on that splendid site by which the picturesque Hudson flows. President Benjamin Harrison, surrounded by the members of his Cabinet, pronounced the cornerstone to be true and laid it. Rev. Dr. John Hall, the distinguished pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, offered prayer, and Chauncey M. Depew, the eloquent, delivered the oration. If any survive the crash of worlds, which it would seem to-day alone could level this mausoleum, he will find in the cornerstone some valuable data concerning the United States and Ulysses S. Grant, who did so much to maintain them united.

Far in the cornerstone were placed a copy of the Bible, of the Constitution of the United States, of the Declaration of Independence, of the Articles of Confederation, the "Memoirs" of General Grant, a list of contributors of flowers; the prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, and the address by General John A.

Old Oak Wreaths Found as Fresh as When Placed in the Coffin Twelve Years Ago.

These old soldiers, erect and hearty, clad in black clothes and wearing on their breasts the badge of the Republic Grand Army of Veterans, arranged themselves in two lines outside the high board screen before the vault. They were William J. McKelvey, present commander of U. S. Grant Post and Chief of Police of Brooklyn; George A. Price, Past Commander of the post; William H. Barker, Willis McDonald, Henry W. Knight, James Dean, James P. Howatt, R. F. Mackellar, George F. Tait, Noah Tibbitts, William W. Brodie, R. B. Gwille, and State Senator George W. Brush. The three who were their comrades, as well in war as in their mournful, honorable duty twelve years ago, are George J. Collins, who is dead; John H. Johnson, who lies ill, and George B. Squires, who now lives in the far West.

When those privileged to take immediate part had assembled yesterday Mr. Duncan ordered his men to remove the lid of the cedar box that enclosed the casket. That was done, and a casing of sheet lead that wrapped the casket was exposed. On top of this lead casing, which had hermetically sealed the casket, lay four wreaths and a sheaf of wheat. A dozen years have rolled by since they were placed there, watered with tears, the loving tributes of the General's kin. The wreaths and the sheaf of wheat were splendidly preserved. Two wreaths were of oak leaves; in a third a white rose seemed as fresh as if it had been plucked from its stem yesterday. The fourth wreath was of immortelles, which were wrought into the word "Grandpapa." The children who laid it there are now young men and women.

Cut Off the Leaden Casing.

These wreaths and the sheaf of wheat were lifted and wrapped up. Then the undertaker's assistants, obeying Mr. Duncan, cut the top from the lead wrapping, or casing if you please, carefully leaving a wide margin at the edges. The casket, covered with purple velvet, of that hue called royal, was revealed. On it was another wreath of oak leaves, fashioned not with the skill of trained florists, but rudely plaited by fingers small and gentle. Colonel Grant took the wreath, saying: "My little daughter Julia made that wreath at Mount McGregor."

It was at Mount McGregor that Grant at last found peace on the morning of Thursday, July 23, 1885. "My little daughter Julia" is Miss Julia Dent Grant, a debutante of this Winter's fashionable season. So time passes, but the memory of Grant remains fresh as this wreath of oak leaves.

The casket was lifted out. It is of copper, and the purple velvet that envelops it is adorned with chaste and massive ornaments and handles of solid silver. The velvet was fresh and bright in color yesterday—its that had not faded in the least. The polished silver that ornamented it still retained its polish and shone in the dim light within the vault. Only around the edge on which the casket rested was the silver tarnished.

"Had the casket remained there a thousand years it would have been in the same fine condition as it is to-day," said Mr. Duncan, who, like General Grant's sons, was much gratified by the preservation of the coffin. It seemed that death had been cheated of its horrors.

Bore the Cedar Box to the Tomb.

As soon as the casket was lifted out, six men bore the cedar box to the tomb. There was sounded—but only to frivolous ears—the single false note in the day's solemnity. As the undertaker's assistants carried along the cedar box, some of the men gathered around the tomb took off their hats. Quite naturally they supposed they stood in the very presence of the dead; that Grant's body was being borne before them.

It was necessary, however, to first take the cedar box to the tomb, because there was a doubt that it would fit in the sarcophagus, which is of porphyry—American porphyry—from the quarries at Montello, Wisconsin; a beautiful porphyry, of fine texture and brilliant reddish color. Mr. Duncan, in planning the sarcophagus, had not known the exact dimensions of the cedar box. To his intense gratification, the cedar box fitted with ninety into its receptacle; there was half an inch to spare all around the box.

When the top of the lead casing was removed, little chips of lead and dust necessarily fell upon the casket. These were brushed away, and at ten minutes before 4 o'clock the pall bearers, three on each side, took the casket upon their shoulders and passed out the doors of the wooden screen.

At that moment the huge flag crackling in the stiff breeze from a pole before the

Many Gathered by the Hillside and Stood with Heads Uncovered as the Flag Was Lowered to Half-mast.

THE mortal remains of Ulysses Simpson Grant lie in the splendid tomb erected in loving gratitude by his countrymen on Riverside Park. The casket containing General Grant's body was removed yesterday afternoon from the small vault-like structure, in which it has reposed since 1885, to the mausoleum of white granite, eternal as the Palisades that bound its western horizon. This transfer, the first actual scene in the imposing ceremonies that will culminate on April 27 next, was made in the presence of three of Grant's descendants, of most of the old soldiers who formed the guard of honor at their commander's funeral and of several thousand spectators.

The men among these people stood uncovered in the brisk wind that ruffled the broad ribbon of the Hudson, whose waves danced and sparkled in the sunshine. The scene, simple as it was, but dignified and solemn, was worthy of the Republic that Grant served.

Wisely the time fixed for removing the General's body to its final resting place was not made public. Had it been a tremendous multitude would surely have gathered on Riverside Drive, in the wide plateau whence arises the graceful tomb and on the streets and roads that radiate from it. As it was, the rumor—this time well founded—spread with incredible rapidity that the removal of the body was about to be made. Those who heard it hurried to the tomb and waited there. At least half of them were wheelwomen and wheelmen, whose costumes would have lent a holiday air but for the impressiveness of the surroundings. Seventy-five gray-coated park policemen were stationed around the mausoleum, but the respectful and self-contained attitude of the spectators made their labors easy. All around wooden stands were rising, skeletons that will be loaded with thousands of people when the tomb will be delivered to the city which Grant chose for the place of his interment. But the breeze muffled the sound of saws and hammers.

Workmen Had Prepared for the Task.

Before the temporary brick tomb, which stands immediately to the north of the Grecian Doric pile, a three-sided, high screen of boards had stood for several days, hiding the grating in the front of the brick vault. Behind this screen, and so hidden from curious observation, workmen had been taking out scores of rivets which held the top of the steel case containing the cedar box enclosing the casket. This steel cover was removed last Tuesday.

Behind this roofless screen in the vault yesterday were six undertakers' assistants, supervised by James F. Quinn, of the firm of J. Edward Winterbottom & Co. These men obeyed the orders of John H. Duncan, the architect of the tomb. Mr. Duncan is a very small man physically. The creation of his brain, the tomb, will tell for all time his mental greatness.

Colonel Frederick Dent Grant, Commissioner of Police, the General's oldest son, arrived at the tomb in a cab. With him was his son, Ulysses S. Grant, 3d, namesake of his illustrious grandfather, a youth of perhaps nineteen years. They passed through the doors in the tall board screen and into the vault. There joined them Ulysses S. Grant, another son of the General. General Horace Porter, president of the Grant Monument Association, to whose labor of loyalty and love the completion of the tomb in five years is unquestionably due; President McMillan and Secretary Leary, of the Park Board; President Croft, of the Charities Department; General Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, who served under Grant, and one or two others. Then came all but three of the Guard of Honor, who surrounded Grant's body when it lay in state in the City Hall here and who accompanied it to Riverside Park in that imposing funeral procession that passed before a million mourning people.

These guards of honor are all members of the U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Grand Army of the Republic. They are old men, of course, for they took active part in that war between brethren over differences that are now forgotten. Soon they will march in the same line with the sons of those they fought, who to-day do honor to Grant's memory.